

# LITCHFIELD ENQUIRER.

VOL. IX.

LITCHFIELD, (CONN.) THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1835.

No. 45.—WHOLE No. 461.

## Litchfield Enquirer:

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY NRY ADAMS.

TERMS. To village and single mail subscribers, two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months.

To companies of any number over six, \$1 50 per year, payable as above. To companies less than six, \$1 75 per year, payable as above. 25 cents will be deducted from each of these last prices when payment is made in advance. These prices are exclusive of mail or stage charge for transportation.

No papers will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the discretion of the editor. Notice of a wish to discontinue, must be given before the expiration of a year.

Advertisements. One square, three insertions, \$1, and the same proportion for two or more squares. Half a square, 75cts. Continuance over three weeks 50 per cent per week. A liberal deduction made for advertisements continued 6 or 12 months.

Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1 00. Commissioners' Notices, 1 25. All communications must be post-paid.

## CHEAP! CHEAP!

50 TONS OF PLASTER FOR SALE, either ground or in the stone.

Also for sale, a Fulling Mill, Clothier's Shop, Carding Machine, and new Plaster Mill, formerly owned and occupied by Gay & Riley.

Also, a DWELLING HOUSE and LOT, which may be had together with the before-mentioned premises. Said premises are situated about one mile from Sharon village, and are pleasantly and conveniently located. Inquire of DAVID GOULD.

Sharon, Feb. 12, 1835. 4m\*57

## NOTICE.

CHARLES HALLOCK, of the late firm of Hallock & Moore, and GILBERT BATES, of the late firm of Bates & Valentine, both DRY GOODS DEALERS, have associated themselves for the prosecution of the same business, under the firm of

Hallock & Bates, at No. 234 Pearl-street, corner of Burling Slip.

The commodious store and lots which they occupy affords them ample room for continuing to keep an extensive stock of

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, comprising an assortment which, if equalled, will probably not be surpassed by any in the city. They therefore respectfully invite country merchants generally to call and examine their Goods when they visit the city, and they will find that the variety of the assortment kept, in connection with the prices at which they are offered, render inducements to purchasers rarely equalled.

New-York, Feb. 23, 1835. 2m38

Cotton Yarn and Batting.

JUST received an additional supply of Cotton Weaving Yarn, and superfine and common Batting.

March 20. W. & D. PORTER.

## FOR SALE,

18 ACRES OF GOOD LAND, lying about two miles south of the Court House; a part covered with a fine growth of young timber. Apply to SYLVESTER GALPIN.

Litchfield, March 12. 40

## MORE NEW BOOKS.

S. GALPIN HAS JUST RECEIVED

THE Unfortunate Man.

The Mayor of Wind-Gap.

A Winter in the West.

The Political Mirror, or Review of Jackson-Barnes' Notes on Romans. (sonism.)

March 12. 12

CANDLES & TALLOW.

1500 LBS. OF TALLOW, and 2500 " of CANDLES, 8 and 9 to the pound, warranted to be equal to any in market, and at a fair price—for sale by C. S. & W. N. BUEL.

TO RENT,

THE HOUSE recently occupied by the subscriber, about 3 miles east of this village. Inquire of C. S. BUEL.

Litchfield, March 12. 41

## HARTFORD

### Dying Establishment.

T. S. & J. PARKER,

Silk, Cotton, and Woollen DYERS,

MILL-STREET, HARTFORD.

MERINO and Circassian, Piece Goods, colored elaret, elaret browns, purples, greens, superior blue blacks, jet, &c.—Also, Piece Silk Goods, Silk Velvet, Pongees, &c. &c. dyed and finished in the best manner.

Also, Merino and Circassian Dresses, Silk and Pongee Dresses, Crape and Silk Shawls, Ribbons, &c., Lace and Gauze Veils, and all kinds of ladies' and gentlemen's garments.

N.B. White Merino Shawls cleaned and pressed in the best style.

Black Merino Shawls colored over without injuring the border.

An APPRENTICE wanted by the last of March.

Miss ABBY WARD, Milliner, of Litchfield, agent for receiving and forwarding goods.

Hartford, March 5, 1835. 10139

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

For Litchfield and Albany.

Through to Albany in 2 days.

## STAGE

A STAGE will leave the General Stage Office, New-Haven, at 2 o'clock P. M. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, via Naugatuc, (Salem Bridge,) Waterbury, Watertown, Litchfield, &c. to ALBANY.

J. W. HARRIS.

February 12. 26

## JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS

DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

## DEFERRED ITEMS.

**Melancholy Accident.**—The Bangor Daily Whig relates a melancholy accident which occurred in Solon in that State on Wednesday last. David Spencer, who was at work near his father's house getting out firewood was killed, together with his parents, in the following singular manner. "The son had just felled a large beech tree, which lodged in the upper branches against another tree, while the butt of it dipped over the stump, caught his foot, and pinned him to the ground. His screams for assistance brought out his parents, and the father seized a sick of wood, with which both of them labored to remove the tree, which being somewhat decayed, suddenly broke in the middle, and falling, crushed all three of these unfortunate beings to death!"

**Another Victim.**—The body of a squalid wretch by the name of Thomas Benedict was found dead in a field in the outskirts of this village on Sunday last. When found, it was supposed he had been dead several days; and a bottle containing about a half pint of New England Rum was standing by his side with the stopple out. His age was about 30, and a few years ago he was distinguished for his great muscular power; but the blighting effects of intemperance had reduced his strength almost to that of a child. —*Danbury Gaz.*

It is stated in the New-Orleans Advertiser, that upwards of five millions of acres of land in Louisiana are subject to annual inundation, and that this amount comprises about one-sixth of the entire territory of the State. From the same paper we learn that the gross amount of land under cultivation does not exceed forty thousand acres, the annual product of which is about ten millions of dollars, or an average of two hundred and fifty dollars per acre. In view of these singular and striking facts, the editor urges the necessity of suitable efforts to reclaim the inundated lands, the profits arising from which would, he contends, be enormous. —*Balt. American.*

**Death of a Family.**—The last Arkansas Gazette notices the death of an entire family, consisting of six adult persons in the short space of nine days. They resided in Crawford county, and bore the name of Hixon. The father and mother, three brothers and a sister died. The disease was the Influenza, or Cold Plague, as it is frequently called.

**Premium on Locust Trees.**—The Massachusetts Society for promoting agriculture have awarded Mr. William Clark, Jr., of this town, a premium of \$20, as an expression of the estimation in which they hold his exertions, in rearing a plantation of locust trees. —*The Committee state that the importance of this tree can hardly be overrated, either for purposes of timber or fuel, and that it combines rapid growth with great durability. Posts of this wood will last half a century, and more. The ravages of the borer for a long time have laid waste this tree, but this insect is said to be now fast disappearing. It is easily cultivated, attains a sufficient growth in ten or fifteen years, and brings a great price for ship timber. Some trees in this vicinity have within a few years been sold at sums which would surprise those who have considered them good for nothing but shade. —*Norhampton (Mass.) Gaz.**

**Awfully sudden Deaths.**—A few days ago at Mr. Job Aspinwall, of Hove Edge, near Halifax, inkeeper, was passing through a field along with two other persons, he met a friend with whom he shook hands, immediately after which, both he and his friend fell, and both instantly expired. —*York Courant.*

Somebody in London, a Sir Edward Thomason, has sent General Jackson some old medals, and in return, the General sent Sir Edward his own likeness, painted by Earle, and what is marvellous, painted in the military costume of the Revolution! What in the name of history has General Jackson to do with that costume? His "enduring memorials" were not received in the uniform which Washington, Hamilton, Knox and Greene wore. The Revolution, indeed, why, next thing we shall hear of Gen. Jackson among the pilgrims at Plymouth, or perhaps piloting Columbus across the Atlantic; and perhaps the next illustration would do well to elap the broad ruff, slashed sleeve, doublet and hose upon the chieftain, and let him dispute precedence with Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Richmond Whig states that the President offered to appoint Mr. Taney to the Bench of the Supreme Court, since the adjournment of Congress, and after his virtual rejection by the Senate. Mr. Taney, however, had the prudence to refuse the offer.

At a ball lately in Richmond, a dame belle asked a country rustic, who stood high her, in a compact ring of four or five deep, gazing on a pair waiting. "Pray, sir, how do you like the waltz?" "Madam," said the quaint gentleman, "I like the huggin part very well; but I don't like the whirling round. When it comes to huggin, I would like to stand still." —*Rich. Com.*

**An Editor's bosom robbed.**—Some thieves, mistaking their work, entered the office of the editor of the Louisiana Advertiser, March 12, in the hope, founded on what reasoning we are unable to imagine, of finding plunder. All they were enabled to abstract was an opera glass, a pair of baby's silk stockings, five dollars from a breeches pocket, and a small pencil case. A pretty tolerable sample of what might a priori be presumed to be the inventory of an editor's paraphernalia. They had liked to have carried off also a pistol ball, but that they sprang out of doors as the editor sprang out of bed. The poor fellow was doubtless a bachelor. —*N. Y. Star.*

**Emigration.**—From the returns at the Custom House, and in the possession of the Common Council, it appears that the emigrants who arrived at the port of New-York during the 1st quarter of 1834 were 11,812; 2d do. 20,413; 3d do. 17,065; 4th do. 6,743—total 55,933.

Thus, over forty-six thousand foreigners have landed in this city in twelve months, independent, we believe, of those who have entered coastwise and the Canadas.

Every year the number is on the increase. For 1835, we may anticipate at least fifty thousand—equal to one-fifth of our whole city population. —*N. Y. Star.*

A vendor of "Morrison's Vegetable Universal Medicine" gives notice in the advertisement, that it is a sovereign cure for scurvy, and that it "corrects all bodily deformities, and improves deportment."

**Deep Snow.**—The Belfast Advocate of April 2d, says—"The snow we learn is 4 or 5 feet in the woods, and the sleighing is at the time of this writing, excellent. Verily it seems we are destined to have 'six weeks' sleighing in March,' as the month of April has come, and yet the open ground remains covered with snow several inches, and all transport is at present on runners."

## From the American Monthly Magazine.

### FIRE ISLAND-ANA.

FROM "A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS." "What an infernal lie!" growled Daniel.

"Have my doubts?" suggested the somnolent Peter Probasco, with all the solemnity of a man who knows his situation; at the same time shaking his head and spilling his liquor.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" roared all the rest of the boys together.

"Is he done?" asked Raynor Rock.

"How many shirks was there?" cried Long John, putting in his unusual lingual oar.

"That story puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heard tell of Ebenezer Smith at the time he went down to the north pole on a walen voyage."

"Now look out for a screamer," laughed out Raynor Rock, refilling his pipe.

"Stand by, Mr. Cypress, to let the sheet go."

"Is there any thing uncommon about that yarn, Venus?"

"Uncommon! well, I expect it's putty smart and uncommon for a man to go to sea with a bear, all alone, on a bare cake of ice. Captain Smith's woman used to say she couldn't bear to think on't."

"Tell us the whole of that, Venus," said Ned;—"that is if it's true. Mine was the whole of it,—although Peter has his doubts."

"I can't tell it as well as Zoph can, but I've no objections to tell it my way, no how. So here goes,—that's great brandy, Mr. Cypress." There was a guttural sound of "something-to take," running.

"Well, they was down in Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Morwegen bays at the North, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornings, like great mountains o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, looken for wales;—all except the captin, who said he wa'n't very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down on deck, smoken and thinken, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on 'em slumpen along on a great cake o' ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, upagin the bank. The old cap. wanted to kill one o' them varmints most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now the, he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at last, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrard and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the fore'stal, and run her out and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and here's luck,—and put in a stiff load of powder, and a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

"It wa'n't long fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a thinner piece o' water—no more than half a mile wide,—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was 'way down to the tother end on it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked first strut a-long, and then when he got putty clost he walked 'round catercorner-like,—like's if he was driven from a plain plover—so that the bear wouldn't think he was comen arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly."

Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up within about fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big,—the bear did,—that the captin stopped, and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and he was a goin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin,—just as one of Lif's hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He come along, the captin said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack agin under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinte, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was most mighty cold by means of the water,—that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captin would taste, and so he left off walken slow, and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticked out stiff. The captin kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the bear got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his hind legs, just by the jant, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs and his head riz up, a growlen at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up, he found, to his astonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact: there an't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him, a smart and long while, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in

them regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you don't keep moven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jersey oyster perryanger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists.

"Come on, you bloody varmint," says the old man, as the bear swalloped along on his hinder end, comen at him. He kept gotten weaker, tho, and comen slower and slower all the time, so that, at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could just give him a dig in the nose by reachen forrard putty smart and far, the captin see the bear was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down on to his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captin and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscuit, or a quart o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, jist so near that when they both reached forrards, they could jist about touch-noses, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore paws."

"By jolly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus," cried Ned, buttoning his coat. "I should have thought that the captin's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too."

"That's quite naytrill to suppose, sir, but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by bein so clost to him, and breathen hard and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heat into 'em, by means of their bein able to stand such cold climates I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he jist tuk his ramrod, and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pourten out all over the captin, and made the air quite moderat and pleasant."

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first."

"Well, there an't much more on't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em southe, but they went southe mostly; and so it went on, until they wore out about three weeks. So at last, one afternoon—"

"But, Venus, stop; tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captin contrive to support life all this time?"

"Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o' life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost—"

"No, no: what did he eat? what did he feed on?"

"O—O—I'd like to have skipped that ere. Why, sir, I've heard different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reckoned the captin cut off one of the bear's paws, when he lay stretched out asleep, one day with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal o' nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my 'pinion, I should say my old man's account is the rightest, and that's—"

what's as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts, they begun to grow kind o' hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know; and the captin said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say, 'captin, what the devil shall we do?' Well, one day they was sitten, looking at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o' their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin come floppen up out o' the water onto the ice. The captin looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes kindled up as he looked at it, and then the captin said, he giv him the wink to keep still. So there they sot still as starch, till the seal not thinken o' them no more nor if they were dead, walked right up between 'em. Then slump! went down old whitey's nails into the fishes flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tail end, and put it behind him, out o' the bear's reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, tho' the bear couldn't say so much for himself.

"Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o' provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance; and then he begun to show his natyral temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captin's piece o' seal, but when he found he couldn't reach that, he began to blow and yell. Then he'd rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head upon the ice, till bye and bye, (jest as the captin said he expected,) the ice cracked in two agin, and split right through between the bear and the captin, and there they was on two different pieces o' ice, the captin and the bear!—The old man said he rarely felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off

about a haaf o' pound o' seal and chocked it to the bear. But either because it wa'n't enough for him, or else on account of his feelen bad at the captin's goen, the bear wouldn't touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well, off they went, one one way, and tother 'nother way, both feel'n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captin got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he realy thought he'd a g'in in and died if they hadn't pick'd him up that afternoon."

"Who picked him up Venus?"

"Who? a codfish craft off Newfound-land, I expect. They didn't know what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple a' muskets a board and started off—expecten it was the sea-serpent, or an old marmalaid. They wouldn't believe it was a man, until he told 'em all about it, and then they didn't hardly believe it nuther, and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with oil o' vitrol; but it was a long time afore they come to."

"Didn't they hurt him badly in cutting him out Venus?"

"No sir, I believe not; not so bad as one might s'pose; for you see he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulation on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut, it crack'd off putty smart and easy, and he come out whole like a hard billed egg."

"What became of the bear?"

"Can't say as to that, what become on him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the varment got along, right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf of the seal, any how. —That's all boys. How many's asleep?"

When Spring returns, all is life, motion and activity. Every thing undergoes a change. Plants that were dead, are quickened into life, and all that had vanished now re-appears. The dismal and melancholy waste is clothed with flowers—and deserts of ice and snow are blossoming with the rose. But the history of a year, with its blossoms and fruits—sunshine and snow, is but the history of a single moment. —This seeming change is but an illusion. —Noon and night; morning and evening; summer and winter—all exists on the same time. If we could take the wings of an eagle, and soar away into the regions of space, then would the globe we inhabit, (as it moves onward in its course,) appear to us in its light and shade, and all the varieties of the seasons at the same instant. —The evening splendor of one country, is the morning light of its antipodes. One half the world is lost in slumber, while the other is busy and active. Here is quiet and repose—there is mirth and festivity. Here is the brightness of the noon, there the solemnity of midnight. On one side we behold the earth covered with snow and ice, the inhabitants half benumbed with cold—on the other, the plains smoking, the plants withering, and the animals dying with the intensity of heat. In one place we see the blossoms of Spring; in another the ripe and mellow fruits of autumn. —What order! what beauty! what enchantment! And this, in our limited view, we call the change of the seasons.

**The Apple.**—It is difficult to find adequate terms to set forth the value of the advantages that have accrued to mankind from the cultivation of this justly high-prized fruit. In the woods and hedges of England, the crab and wilding apples are every where found; crooked, hostile, rigid in figure and quality; with numerous small austere fruit, which even the hog will hardly eat; but, transplanted into the garden, and subjected to the corrections of the horticulturalist, they have, in the course of time, been divested of their savage character, forming a goodly tree, and yielding crops of goodly fruit, fit for many healthful purposes of life. Many of the newest sorts have been spontaneously produced, and a great number by the art of fertilizing the flowers of one with the pollen or dust of another. One circumstance in the history of the apple must not pass unnoticed here, viz. the deterioration of the old sorts, which reigned and were the boast of our forefathers a century ago. It is the opinion of an eminent orchardist, that, as an apple is an artificial production, and as such has its stages of youth, maturity, and old age, it cannot, in its period of decrepitude, be by any means renovated to its present state, either by pruning or cutting down, changing its place, or by transferring its parts to young and vigorous stocks; and that, in whatever station it may be placed, it carries with it the decay and diseases of its parent. This is the most rational account which has been given of this indisputable fact; and though its accuracy has been called in question by some naturalists, the general failure in our own orchards and the difficulties in forming new ones with the old favorite sorts, is a decisive proof that such deterioration exists. It is, therefore, the chief object of the modern promulgator to obtain, from seeds of the best wildlings, new varieties, wherewith to form new and profitable orchards, and which may be expected to continue in health and fertility, as the old sorts have done, for the next century.